THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BY HECTOR FULLER.

One of the most curious signs of the time to the literary worker is the literary claim put forth, and with a deal of reason, too, by the writers of our modern advertisements. Anybody can write a novel nowadays; indeed, it is a sort of distinction not to have written one. The novelless man stands in the attitude of one who says: "You know I could if I chose to, but I have been wise enough to refrain." Any one can give you the recipe for writing a novel. All it requires is strength of mind enough to settle on the period in which the novel is to be placed and stick to it; or if one's early education has been neglected and he can't spell, the novel may be in dialect and the mistakes will pass for cleverness. But when it comes to writing an advertisement it is a different matter. We read them every day in the newspapers, and the impression they make is due to their constant repetition. We know them, and we don't know them, so that a man asked to sit down and try, offhand, to write an advertisement would, first of all, have to consult the advertising pages of a newspaper to see how they are made. Then, when a man, no matter how skilled a writer he may be in other directions, tries to write one he must be wonderfully impressed by the ingenuity, the repression, the invention, and the apt choice of exactly the right words displayed by the advertisement writer. Indeed, the writers of advertisements display imagination and a knowledge of human nature which far transcends that of the average novelist, and one cannot help thinking what a good thing it would be if our novelists would exercise some of the self-repression, the control, and the directness displayed by the advertising writer.

It has been noted that King Edward of England is at present actively engaged in editing the letters of his mother, Queen Victoria, for publication. Another royal literary worker is King Oscar of Sweden, whose golden wedding was celebrated recently. He is not as strong as he was, but, in spite of his illness, he devotes the hours between 6 and 10 in the morning to his literary work. He has a working knowledge of seven languages, of which English is said to be his favorite. He has already wrought considerable service to the literature of his country. His translations of Goethe have made that poet familiar to his countrymen. In the schools of France his history of "Charles XII" is familiar, and one of the most popular poems in Sweden is "The Battle of the Baltic," written by King Oscar. The royal author is now engaged on his "Memoirs," which are not to be published until after his death, as it is said that he has expressed himself very frankly not only about the affairs of his own country, but about other nations in Europe. The latter part of his "Memoirs" will deal, it is said, with what he calls "the most bitter stab of my life," the Norwegian secession, for which King Oscar holds himself responsible in no way.

How shall Shakespeare be spelled? Mr. Clement K. Shorter prefers "Shakspere," but Dr. Rolfe, one of the leading living authorities on the Bard of Avon, takes issue with him and believes that "Shakespeare" will hold its own until the crack of doom. There are only five indisputable autographs of the poet in existence. One of these is clearly "Shakspere," another is either that or "Shakspeare," the others are clearly "Shakespeare." Thus it is that the poet signed the dedications to "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucreece," the only works that were surely seen through the press by himself. This is the form almost unanimously adopted in the published references to him in the seventeenth century. It is that form which appears on the license granted to him and his fellow-players by King James in 1603. It is also the spelling accepted by the great majority of the editors, critics, and commentators of the last century.

Williams College has honored herself and her son by conferring an LL. D. on Henry M. Alden, the veteran editor of Harper's Magazine. The fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Alden's graduation at the college was also thus celebrated. Not long ago Mr. Alden recalled, in Harper's Weekly, his early days as an editor at Franklin Square.

Among well-known artists who will illustrate Doubleday, Page & Co.'s 1908 publications are Anna Whelan Betts, Walter Tittle, Siguard Schou, Laurence Mazzanowich, Arthur Rackham, Blanche Ostertag, Thomas Fogarty, George L. Tobin, Albert Levering, C. D. and G. A. Williams, Robert Goodwin, and Harold Heartt. The forthcoming year will be a red letter one to this firm in the way of illustrations.

An Indiana man tells of the efforts of an author belonging to the Hoosier school of historical novelists to put in his leisure time as a "hen farmer" in that State, says Lippincott's. The literary person's venture afforded his agricultural neighbors no end of amusement.

During his first year, the amateur farmer discovered that all his little chickens, which were confined in coops, were languishing at the point of death. The novelist went over his "hen literature" to locate the cause of the trouble, but to no avail.

Finally he called upon an old chap named Rawlings, to whom he put the question:

"What do you suppose is the matter with those chickens?"

"Well, I dunno," said Rawlings. "What do you feed 'em?"

"Feed them!" exclaimed the novelist-farmer. "Why, I don't feed them anything!"

"Then, how'd you s'pose they was a-goin' to live?"

"I presumed," replied the literary person, "that the old hens had milk enough for now."

A work in a hitherto almost untilled field is coming from the Chicago University Press. It is "The Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages," and has been prepared by Joseph S. Tunison. The usual notion of omitting the Dark Ages from the history of the drama is here refuted, for Prof. Tunison has succeeded in supplying the data to fill in this blank.

The chief literary event of the spring, according to the London Times, is the return to literature of M. Jules Lemaitre, a return signalized by the publication of a course of lectures on Rousseau. This book, under the title of "Jean Jacques Rousseau," by Jules Lemaitre de l'Academie Francaise, will be published in America in a translation made by Mme. Vigot. The English reviewer of the new volume describes Lemaitre as the "rare impressionist critic who at his best is one of the first of living critics."

Mrs. Edith Wharton has returned from abroad and is spending the summer at her home in Lenox, Mass.

One of the most important books to be published this month is "Queen Hortense and Her Friends," by I. A. Taylor. Queen Hortense, who was the daughter of the Empress Josephine, and the stepdaughter of Napoleon I, married Louis Bonaparte, who was for a while King of Holland. She was the mother of Napoleon III, and also of the Duc de Morny. The story of her career makes exceedingly interesting reading. The book is elaborately illustrated with twenty-four full-page portraits and two photogravure portraits and is published in two volumes.

The Macmillan Company announces the following from among its fall publications: "Merry Rockhurst," a novel that will be in the style of "The Pride of Jennico," by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle. "The Crucible," a novel which sets forth a situation without a parallel, by Mark Lee Luther, author of "The Henchman." "Red Coat Captain," by Alfred Ollivant, author of "Bob, Son of Battle."

Amelia E. Barr, who is now in her seventy-seventh year, is bringing out her fifty-fourth novel, "The Heart of Jessie Laurie." Dodd, Mead & Co., her present publishers, have brought out thirty-eight of her romances.

Eleanor Gates is home from an extended tour through Italy, where she has written "Cupid, the Cowpuncher," a humorous novel, dealing with the Western life of the United States. Miss Gates recently became the wife of Richard Watson Tully, the co-author with David Belasco of "The Rose of the Rancho."

There has been erected recently, by the Newdigate family, a monument to George Eliot at Arbury. Mary Ann Evans, who became famous under the pseudonym of George Eliot, was born at the South Farm, Arbury, Warwickshire. Robert Evans, George Eliot's father, was estate agent and bailiff at Arbury, or Cheverel Manor, as the novelists call it. Lady Newdigate's letters have been published in a volume called "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor," and in these she says that written keys to all George Eliot's earlier books were passed round in the neighborhood of Arbury, "giving the real names of places and people side by side with the author's slightly disguised nomenclature." The Lady Cheverel of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" is said to be the second wife of Sir Roger Newdigate, as he is the Sir Christopher Cheverel of the same narrative.

New volumes in the Thumb-nail series to be published by the Century Company this fall will be Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Dickens' "Seven Poor Travelers" and "The Holly Tree," and Stevenson's "Travel with a Donkey." The designs for the stamped leather covers will be, as before, the work of Mrs. Blanche McManus Mansfield. The same house also announces for fall publication Frances Hodgson Burnett's fairy story, "The Cozy Lion;" a new story of school life, "Tom, Dick and Harriet," by Ralph Henry Barbour; "Captain June," by Alice Hegan Rice, and "Abbie Ann," by the author of the "Emmy Lou" stories, George Madden Martin, and a book of play pictures and rhymes, "Father and Baby," by Emilie Poulsson.

Having secured from Small, Maynard & Co. the copyrights to Richard Hovey's books published by that house, Duffield & Co., of New York, will issue with their own imprint at an early date "Along the Trail," "The Birth of Galahad," "The Marriage of Guenevere," "The Quest of Merlin" and "Taliesin." In addition to these dramas they will bring out shortly "The Holy Grail and Other Fragments," with an introduction and notes by Mrs. Hovey and a preface by Bliss Carman.

Clement Shorter pronounces Gustav Frenssen, the author of "John Uhl," the most popular author in Germany. Next in popularity to Frenssen is Clara Cohn-Viebig, the writer of several works, including "Die Wacht am Rhein," whom the English critic calls the Marie Corelli of Germany. Max Eyth, whose "Sketches from the Pocketbook of an Engineer" has gone into ten editions, is a great favorite, while "Die Wiskottens," by Rudolph Herzog, is in its twenty-fifth edition. Frenssen's new novel for this season is called in translation "The Three Comrades," and is a love story which, unlike his previous works, does not advance anything new or radical on religious or social questions.

Followers of Dickens in England are organizing an exhibition in celebration of the seventieth anniversary of the publication of "Pickwick." At the exhibition many old editions of the book will be displayed and pilgrimages will be made to Sudbury, Ipswich, and other places identified with Dickens' works.

Having completed his latest novel, "Carniola," Theodore Watts-Dunton is busily engaged in its revision and in a careful correction of the proofsheets. It is described in the title as "A Story of Karma," and its scene is laid partly in England, partly in Venice, and partly in Hungary. Like its author's "Aylwin," it is a long, extended, and discursive narrative.

There are few writers who shun publicity more than the Countess von Arnheim, author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The countess has lately withdrawn her name from all announcements and publications of her books, and has refused her photograph to all the newspapers and magazines. She is an Englishwoman, married to a German count, and lives on the enormous patronymic estates of the latter. She has a family of three children.

In the literary department of the North American Review for July 5, Margaret Potter's "The Princess" is reviewed by Frederic Taber Cooper; Wright's "Life of Walter Pater" by Thomas Walsh, and Viereck's "Ninevah, and Other Poems" by Clayton Hamilton.

A new book on Ibsen will be forthcoming from the pen of Edmund Gosse in the autumn. Mr. Gosse happens to be the earliest friend and interpreter of Ibsen in this country, and Ibsen's letters to him, in his published correspondence, date from 1872. The volume which Mr. Gosse is writing will be a mingling of biography and criticism on similar lines to the well-known monographs which John Morley is credited with inventing for the English "Men of Letters Series."

The news that one more historic link in the city is doomed justifies a few moments' retrospect, says the London Chronicle. "Ye Little Olde Churchyard," in Seething Lane, an additional burying ground attached to the parish of St. Olave's, Hart street, at the time of the Great Plague, is to be sold for "improvements." No fewer than 362 of the parishioners of St. Olave's fell victims to the disease, and of that number 162, including Mary Ramsey, who is said to have brought the plague into the city, were interred in the two graveyards, the remainder being shot into the various plague pits. Pepys records, under date of January 30, 1666: "It frightened me to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the plague * * * I hope ours will be covered with lime." Other burials here are also noteworthy—some of them. "Mother Goose" in the churchyard; George Penn, uncle to William, "in the chancell"; the Diarist and his wife, "by ye communion table," &c. As well as those who were "slayne of the new diseas," some died "bewitched," and others of "a swellinge in the head"; so that "swelled head" is not a modern production after all. In the church, on March 26, 1835, were married Joseph Chamberlain and Caroline Harben, who had a son Joseph, of great fame. To the churchyard gateway Dickens makes reference to the "Uncommercial Traveller," as the entrance to "one of my best beloved churchyards. I call it the churchyard of St. Ghastly Grim." That is the other gateway, which is not to be sold at present.

Once, indeed, on my remarking the graying of his hair, Harte told me it was due to the continued influence of fear while a rider with Yuba Bill, writes S. R. Elliott in the Reader for July. Several of his predecessors in charge of the specie casket having been shot, he never mounted the stage, so he declared, without some apprehension of a dark glen, a flash therefrom, a report, and a tumble from his seat; and, although he nerved himself to his new duties as best he could, they grew more uncongenial with every repetition. Then it was he had noticed that he was growing gray about the temples. I reminded him of his own military career—of his having enlisted as a volunteer in the war between the Eel River and Scot River Indians. To which allusion he replied: "Yes, that was after the Humboldt Bay massacre. I was escorted to the recruiting officer by indignation and hunger. But, although the hardships and privations endured then left me a feeble stomach and irritable nerves, I came to no other harm. Having no blood to spare, I shed my digestion for freedom. You see," he continued, "I never had any sympathy with those mess-pork heroes, although their ways, and, above all, their point of view, were to me an inexhaustible source of amusement and interest. I cared little whether they wore their own scalps on their heads or wore the scalps of others to trim their buckskins. I only saw some reckless men ready to fight for their country, as did Hampden, Washington, and," with a twinkle, "Jeff Davis."

Dr. Berbig, pastor in Neustadt (Koburg), has discovered in the ducal archives the letters of advice sent by the Kurfurst Johann, with various articles to Martin Luther, in 1530. They help to date Luther's letters of that period. They are to be published soon.

"Mark Twain" is the subject of a brilliant appreciation by Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, in the July 5 number of the North American Review. In his opinion "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are prose epics of American life. To quote further:

Mark Twain is through and through American. If foreigners really wish to know the American spirit, let them read Mark Twain. He is far more American than their favorite specimen, Walt Whitman. The essentially American qualities of common sense, energy, enterprise, good humor, and Philistinism fairly shriek from his pages. He reveals us in our limitations, in our lack of appreciation of certain beautiful things, fully as well as he pictures us in coarser but more triumphant aspects. It is, of course, preposterous to say that Americans are totally different from other humans; we have no monopoly of common sense and good humor, nor are we all hide-bound Philistines. But there is something pronounced in the American character, and the books of Mark Twain reveal it. He has also more than once been a valuable and efficient champion. Without being an offensive and blatant jingo, I think he is well satisfied to be an American.

Mark Twain is our great democrat. Democracy is his political, social, and moral creed. His hatred of snobbery, affectation, and assumed superiority is total. His democracy has no limits; it is bottomless and far-reaching. Nothing seems really sacred to him except the sacred right of every individual to do exactly as he pleases; which means of course that no one can interfere with another's right, for then democracy would be the privilege of a few, and would stultify itself. Not only does the spirit of democracy breathe out from all his greater books, but it is shown in specific instances, such as "Traveling with a Reformer," and Mark Twain has more than once given testimony for his creed, without recourse to the pen.

The record for book popularity at the Public Library during the week just past shows that in non-fiction the call was for Adams and Summers' "Labor Problems," and Dewsnap's "Railway Organization." In fiction the demand was for "The Chronicles of Rebecca," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Meredith Nicholson's "The Port of Missing Men." The youngsters again called for the Lang Fairy Books. In spite of the fact that Washington is not an agricultural community, there is a persistent call at the library for books devoted to all branches of agriculture. During the last week two books that have been most in demand are Martineau's "My Farm of Two Acres" and Hall's "Three Acres and Liberty." There is, of course, a steady demand at the library for books on theology, and two which have recently been much called for are Campbell's "New Theology" and Van Dyke's "Gospel for an Age of Doubt."

William J. Long's story of "Wayeeses the White Wolf," the casus belli with Washington, is reprinted by Ginn & Co. in a separate volume, with all the illustrations as they appeared in "Northern Trails."

"The Memoirs of Madame Ristori," translated by G. Mantellini, will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. in August.

The recently published reminiscences of Dick Donovan are filled with anecdotes of literary men, and one of the best is the following incident, of which Anthony Trollope was the hero and victim. A clever Irish barrister appeared for the defendant, who was a poor letter carrier guilty of some irregularity. Among the witnesses was Anthony Trollope. "What are you?" asked the Irish barrister in a severe and commanding tone, sonorous with a rich brogue. "An official in the post-office," answered Trollope, somewhat astonished by the Irish gentleman's brusqueness. "Anything else?" said the counsel, with a snap. "Yes; an author." This a little proudly. "What is the name of your last book?" "'Barchester Towers.'" "Now, tell me, is there a word of truth in that book?" "Well, it is what is generally called a work of fiction." "Fiction!" with a scornful curl of the lip. "Fiction!" (he pronounced it Ficshion.) "That is to say, there isn't a word of truth in it from beginning to end?" "I—I am afraid, if you put it that way, there isn't," stammered Trollope in an embarrassed way.

With a triumphant chuckle the counsel turned to the jury and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, how can you possibly convict a man on the evidence of a witness like this, who here in this court of justice unblushingly confesses that he has written a book in which there is not a word of truth!"

Experiments in classical meter are not in fashion just now, but the "Sapphics," which James E. Richardson contributes to the Reader, are much better than the average of such efforts:

Low the night-wind sings in the aisles of cedar,
Low and mournful, here by the cooling sandhills;
Low the voice of one who had loved me, pleading,
Calls me and calls me.

"I who loved thee, here unto Earth returning,
Cry to the as ever, thou Unforgetful,
In thine arms forgiving, no more to leave thee,
Fold me, my Lover!"

So the night-wind sings, and the tears requicken,
Tears long dead, aye, dead as the dust in drifting,
Now reborn in darkness and pain to mind me
Who had forgotten.

POETRY-MILLS GRIND

Hot-term Symposium for the Verse-makers.

PHILOSOPHER AND CRITIC TALK

Hearts Are Cold, Even if Weather Is Warm—A Poem from Soldiers' Home—The Bare Limbs of the Tree and a Gentlemanly Egotist Who Finds Life Interesting.

"Don't, please, take yourself so seriously this hot weather," said the Philosopher, as fanning himself lustily with a leaf from a palm tree, he invaded the sanctity of the Critic's lair. He found the Critic before a pile of MSS.

"Ah, Philosopher," he cried, "is it you? I have missed you this many moons, and without your gentle cynicism I have scarce had heart to go through the effusions of my friends, the Washington poets. The heated term seems only to spur them on to greater efforts. Why will people be poets, my friend?"

"You remember what Pope said: 'There are, indeed, some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of; the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company, and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.'"

"Yes, I recall it. And I also remember what John Sterling said, it seems so much more to the purpose: 'No man is so born a poet but that he must need be regenerated into a poetic artist.' I would some of my contributors would mark that."

"What verses have you to-day?" asked the Philosopher.

"Oh, quite a lot. Here is the first one:

DO YOU KNOW!

Could you read the secrets of a heart
And fathom its depths,
Would you call me cold
When you meet the spirit of
Indifference?

Would you pass me by
And shun me,
When you read the story of a life
In which is written
Guilt?

Would you pity me
If you knew
How I have longed,
But longed in vain, for
Friends?

Ah, no! You do not know
You can never know,
The knowledge is not yours,
And my secret lies
Buried.

—Helen Anderson.

"Ah," ejaculated the Philosopher, "I see no objection to that. That third line seems, perhaps, a little daring this sort of weather. You wouldn't call me cold, would you—not when I am fanning like this? Any more?"

"Of course. Now here is one I wanted treated with reverence. It was inspired by the Jamestown Exposition:"

THE GOLDEN WEST.
A Prediction of Empire.
On the Landing of the First Settlers in Virginia, April 26, 1607.

The barques are ready and the breeze
Blows fair for the western land,
And there is launched upon the seas
A bold and daring band,
And to the west, the glowing west,
They dauntless steer their way;
For beyond the islands of the Blest
Their destined harbor lay.

Then freely blow, brave eastern wind;
Bravely fill the rustling sail,
Swiftly leave the land behind,
And speed their way, brave eastern gale,
At length the wished-for land's in sight
And full appeared in view
Where Hampton's waters flashing bright
Enchant the toilworn crew.

And, landed on the shore, they viewed
The vernal scenes around;
The valleys with bright flowers strewed,
The woods with verdure crowned;
And in their midst, with reverent air,
An aged priest stood by,
Who offered up a fervent prayer
To God in Heaven on high.

Then speaking with prophetic fire:
"Here on this shore," he cried,
"We plant the seed of an empire
Whose bounds, extended wide,
Shall reach to the far distant main,
By fearless Drake surveyed,
Embracing mountain, valley, plain,
The wat'ry ways and leafy shade.

"And here a nation will arise
That shall be freedom's shield;
In arts renowned, in council wise,
And mighty in the field;
Within its bounds no serf or slave,
For all have freedom there;
Its sons the bravest of the brave,
Its daughters wond'rous fair."

(Copyrighted by William Mullevy, 1907, Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C.)

"Not a bit bad, on my word," said the Philosopher; "and by an old soldier, too. Indeed, it is fine to contemplate the lives of the men who fought so bravely for their country, now in the Soldiers' Home, a beautiful garden spot; the peace of it all such a contrast to the scenes through which they have passed. The lives of most of these men are living poems, I should say."

"Now here," interrupted the Critic, "is a verse from a lady who tries to be sentimental. What of this:"

SONGS UNSUNG.
(Dedicated to a lost voice.)

There dwells within my heart a captive bird,
It is the bird of song, yet ne'er is heard
His warblings now—a voice less captive he—
Close caged and pinioned—pining to be free.
It was not always thus—once he could sing
In clear, sweet notes, and rising free on wing,
In the bright morning sky could trill with lark,
Or with the nightingale, from out the dark
And silent night, his rapturous love repeat—
Pour forth his very soul in music sweet.

Anon, alas! a blast from frozen North
Chilled his sweet notes, no more could ripple forth
The soulful music, rift the lutestrings were,
And so he sits and pines, a prisoner here.
He longs to burst his bonds and soar on high,
And sing as once he sang in sunlit sky—
'Tis all in vain—my heart with grief is wrung,
His sweetest songs will nevermore be sung.

Perchance in that bright clime where dwells the sun,
His fetters may be loosed, his freedom won;
His soul, attuned to all sweet harmonies,
Will list entranced to music of the spheres—
Then sweeter far than those of earth shall rise,
The songs that waited but for Paradise.

—Norma Wright-Jones.

"A mixed metaphor, or two, I think," mused the Philosopher. "These birds in the heart, that feminine poets are so fond of, how in the world did they get there, do you suppose?"

"Oh, stop!" cried the Critic, in a pained voice, "you are sacrilegious."

"Let's have another," said the Philosopher, grimly.

"Well," answered the Critic, doubtfully, "but this one I have a great respect for. This, I think—or rather feel—is a genuine and passionate cry of longing. You can always tell sincerity when you find it, even if the verse is not quite so smooth as a greater skill might make it. It is by Mrs. William Trauty, of this city, and—I don't care what you say, I like it, and am going to publish it:"

MY CHILD.

Flesh of my flesh,
In thy exquisite being
Dwells the glorified image of all I would be;
Rose-leaf and snow-drop and stars of the morning
Have given their beauty, my sweet babe, to thee.

Heart of my heart!
And the passionate longing
Stilling and chilling my heart to its core,
Is hushed at thy murmur; is answered, ah! answered
Its depths to be troubled or swept nevermore.

Soul of my soul!
Oh, wonderful jewel!
Bestowed on my bosom by God in His love,
Shrived be my soul and closer, drawn closer
By frail hands my life toward the kingdom above.

"I like it, too," said the Philosopher, humbly. "Let's pass on."

"Now we come to an old friend, a persistent poet. I don't think she meant any particular significance when she named it:"

TENACITY.

A great big tree stands out in the cold,
It doesn't look young and yet is not old.
Its body is rugged, its limbs are all straight,
One would think it could master most any old fate;
But my big tree is lonesome—its limbs are all bare,
Like Miss Flora McFlimsey, "it has nothing to wear"—
Deserted by all of its beautiful leaves;
Its spirit all broken, until it believes
It would be better to die than live so alone,
And it gives a big sigh and oh, such a groan.
Its troubles seem more than this tree can well bear,
And it bends almost double with its weight of despair.
"There's nothing to live for that I can see,
Not a soul on earth cares for a broken down tree."
Just then I heard a faint little squeak:
"Mister, will you let an old rag speak?
Will you let an old rag be your friend and your pard?
For I came here and stuck to you, so don't treat me hard.
Through rain and through sunshine, snow, wind, and sleet,
When your leaves deserted you and fell at your feet,
I staid by you, pardner, I cling like grim death,
And many's the time I 'most lost my breath.
I'm only a bit of an old soiled rag,
But I've been as true to you, pard, as the stars to the flag.
Your green leaves taunted me, tried to drive me away,
From your beautiful limbs, but I came here to stay.
I'll be yours for all time—if you don't give me the shake,
No, I'm not much as trimmings, but I can keep you awake."

—Allie Sharp Balch.

"What's it all about?" asked the Philosopher.

"It sounds to me," said the Critic, "like some slang phrase I've heard somewhere—what is it?"

"Chewing the rag?" suggested the Philosopher.

"For this relief, much thanks—that's it!" rejoined the Critic.

"Hurry up," said the Philosopher, "I want to get out into the country where it's cool. Got any more?"

"How's this?" asked the Critic:

LINES TO THE FRANKLIN PARK MAGNOLIA.

O, tree, in purest vestments clad,
Thou art a fitting priest,
To serve, when all the earth is glad,
Upon this Easter feast.

God's mandate spoke, through the sun's warm rays;
Thy heart responded first;
And, lo, in early springtime days,
In blossomed beauty burst.

And, erstwhile, bare as cross of old,
Through wreary winter wait—
With bounding life thy buds unfold,
And ope to Heaven's gate.

Thy offering to God thou giv'st,
All fitting, pure, and sweet;
It is in service that thou liv'st,
And thus thy worship's meet.

Thy blood becomes each beauteous flower,
As blood redeemed each soul;
Thy resurrection speaks the pow'r
That marks the Christian's goal.

Thou art the type of servitude,
As we must live and be
With its true spirit so imbued
Through all eternity.

That we shall live to praise and die
To self at His command;
And use our best to glorify
The Father's bounteous hand.

—Jos. H. Hannen.

"And here," said the Critic, as the Philosopher laid the poem down, "is a contribution from one of our earliest friends. He calls it:

STILL INTERESTING.

The luminary bodies in that great vault of gray and blue;
Bright daylight, twilight, night, all are still interesting to view.

The sighing winds, the fleecy clouds, and those both dark and eerie;
The rolling thunder, the rainstorm, the flash of lightning fiery;
Of august sights and sounds like these I would never grow weary.

The old trees, the gray rocks, the grass besprinkled with flowers wild;
The old hills, the dark valleys, the brook—I knew them when a child;
And still I live near and linger where by them I am beguiled.

The sights and sounds I loved in my youth before my heart knew woe,
Are still as interesting as they were in the long ago.

—John Anschutz.

"The trouble with that gentleman is that he has too much ego. Why should the world pant for the information that he finds the world still interesting? You find it interesting, don't you?"

"Of course, I do," said the Critic, "I'm not that old."

"Well, don't get huffy about it. I do, too, but I don't think it necessary to write verses about it. Now, that's all the poetry I'm going to stand to-day. I do not know a 'bank whereon the wild thyme grows,' but I know where the wild mint grows, and the rippling breeze of which the poets rave is stirred into being by an electric fan. Come with me, Mr. Critic. I have tasted of your dry verse; the hospitality I now offer you is as liquid as my philosophy."

"Verily," said the Critic, "laying aside the MSS., with a sigh, "I do regret me much that I am on the water-wagon, but I will go with you, nevertheless."

And thus ended the day's symposium!

THE LOADED JINRIKISHA.

Japanese Vehicle Easier to Pull When It's Heavy.

In "Paradoxes of Nature and Science," by W. Hampson, M. A. Oxon, L. S. A. Lond. (Dutton), we read: "When travelers returning from Japan tell us that the jinrikisha man will draw a passenger in his little carriage for a distance of forty miles or more in a day's journey the statement is now easy to accept, in view of all we have lately learned of the wonderful endurance of the Japanese. When we are told, further, that the jinrikisha man, even if he were to earn nothing extra for the extra work, would rather convey his passenger back again than draw the carriage home empty, we begin to suspect that we are listening to a traveler's tale."

The statement, however, is justified by the mechanical facts. It is easier, on a level road which is in good condition, to draw the jinrikisha loaded than to draw it empty. The reason is simple and convincing. It depends upon the gain obtained by putting a load upon wheels. It is far easier to draw three hundred weight in a light truck along a railway platform than to carry one hundred weight on the back, making an extra weight for the legs to support. The jinrikisha man returning with his carriage empty, has to carry his own weight on his legs. It would pay him well to get part of his weight off his legs on the wheels, even if they had to carry in addition twice as much as they take off his legs. But the jinrikisha is not built so that he can ride it and propel it at the same time, as one does a bicycle or a railway trolley. The only way he can transfer part of his weight to the wheels, while drawing the jinrikisha along the roads, is by leaning on the shafts.

FRANCE'S GREAT DAY

BY EX-ATTACHE

France celebrates to-day her great national holliday, which is not the birthday of the present or any of the former republics of France, but the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille at Paris on July 14, 1789. It is hardly necessary to recall here the fact that the Bastile, built in 1369 by Charles V. for the defense of the metropolis against the English, ultimately developed into a state prison, wherein people who had offended either the sovereign or his favorites were thrown without any legal process. It represented in the eyes of the people the most glaring defiance of their civic rights, as well as the very worst form of monarchical and administrative tyranny, and the consequence was that as soon as ever the masses became conscious of their power they stormed its walls, and thus inaugurated the great Revolution which so entirely changed the face of continental Europe.

Thirty-seven years have now elapsed since the overthrow of the Second Empire in France, and the establishment in its place of the present republican form of government. The latter may therefore be said to have outgrown its infancy, to have attained its majority, as well as the age of maturity and discretion. While exception may be taken to many of its methods, some of which do not commend themselves to American notions of the independence of the citizen and liberty of conscience, it must be manifest to all that it has come to stay. It has frequently been confronted by dangers which threatened to imperil its existence; but, apparently, it bears a charmed life, and has emerged from each of these trials even stronger than before. It became involved in a war with the Roman Catholic Church, compared to which the Kulturkampf of Prince Bismarck was mere child's play. The Iron Chancellor was ultimately forced to yield to the Vatican; but the French government has not retreated one iota from the aggressive position which it assumed toward the papacy. Even its most extreme, and, to American eyes, most arbitrary measures, have received the sanction of the nation as expressed by an overwhelming majority of the national legislature, and have failed to bring about that popular uprising in behalf of the clergy and of the religious orders which was so generally predicted both at home and abroad at the outset of the conflict.

Having thus weathered shipwreck in connection with its war with the church, the republic seemed, a few weeks ago, bound to come to grief through the disturbances in the cheap wine growing districts of the south. The crisis appeared fraught with greater danger than any in the annals of the Third Republic. The movement against the government was of vast proportions. Those taking part in it were honest folk rendered desperate by want, victims of an economic embroglio brought about by a combination of untoward circumstances. Several regiments, recruited from the malcontent districts, manifested signs of disaffection, and even of mutiny, when called upon to face their families and their relatives and to level their rifles against them. But, fortunately for the republic, the movement lacked able leaders, was deficient in men capable of turning to account the power in their hands against the present regime, and not only did the incipient insurrection subside when confronted by the determined attitude of the government, but the latter has won new laurels and increased public confidence by the vigor and energy which it displayed in the face of what might have developed into something akin to anarchy, with vast loss of life and property.

Of course, the government has been singularly fortunate in the absence of any initiative or activity on the part of the chiefs of the monarchical parties, who, whenever the republic is confronted by crises such as those in connection with the church, and the recent wine-growers' disturbances in the South of France, appear particularly careful to abstain from taking any undue advantage thereof, contenting themselves with the firing of blank shot, in the shape of verbose manifestoes. There is no knowing what migh have happened if the Duke of Orleans, or Louis, or Victor Bonaparte had appeared in the South of France when the popular troubles were most acute, and had placed themselves at the head of the disaffected regiments, and of the near quarter of a million "manifestants." During that time, however, the Duke of Orleans was at his country place in England, Prince Victor Napoleon with his actress morganatic wife and children at Brussels, and Prince Louis Bonaparte, the Russian cavalry general, with his mother at her place near Turin. Not one of them stirred, and, thanks to this, the disturbances lost much of their importance.

It is not altogether fair to accuse the pretenders of a lack of courage, and of a selfish disinclination to risk their liberty and their money in an effort to overthrow the republic, and to restore the throne in France for their own occupancy. In the first place, a prince, unless rendered desperate by financial straits, like Napoleon in 1857, is apt to hesitate before embarking upon an adventure which may involve the shedding of the blood of thousands upon thousands of his countrymen. Napoleon III may be said to have waded to his throne through a mire of gore, and throughout his reign of eighteen years is reported to have been haunted by the specters of all those who met their death in the dreaded scenes of carnage that were necessary in Paris to secure for him his crown as emperor. There are many princes, even of his own family, who would be reluctant to resort to such means to obtain the scepter of France, and their attitude in this respect is a subject for commendation rather than for reproach. Then, too, they are perfectly aware that their principal followers, that is to say, the men of wealth, influence, and position, are strongly opposed to the idea of facing exile and confiscation of their property as a penalty for participating in any monarchical coup against the republic. Certainly they would prefer a monarchy to the present regime. But they are not prepared to make the necessary sacrifices for the sake of the change, and are one and all strenuous in assuring their respective pretenders that some day or other the people will, of their own accord, summon them to return to France and to assume the throne, and that it would be best to wait for that psychological moment. The pretenders are all the more ready to comply with the waiting policy thus urged upon them, since they are aware that any active movement on their part against the republic would entail the loss of all those agreeable prerogatives of an ex-territorial nature which they have enjoyed in the countries in which they have established their residence. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, the Kings of Spain and Belgium, and King Edward, are perfectly satisfied to have these pretenders living in their dominions, but will not permit them to abuse the hospitality thus accorded to them by converting the country in question into the base of more or less armed attacks upon a government with which they are on terms of the most cordial friendship.

Exile is under no circumstances pleasant, and to French people, who, as a nation, are so averse to expatriation, it is doubly cruel. Such nobles as the Dukes of Luynes, of Brissac, of Noailles, of Uzes, &c., who have everything at present to make life agreeable to them in the way of wealth and social position, do not relish the notion of incurring banishment, of being deprived of the enjoyment of all their possessions (fortunate, indeed, if these are not confiscated), and of being obliged either to educate their children abroad as foreigners, or else to live separated from them. As it is now, they are subjected to no hardships whatsoever by the government of the republic, which treats them with the utmost consideration, and even accords to a large number of them annuities of considerable size, granted to their ancestors in monarchical times, and which have been paid regularly ever since, the republic declining to abolish them. These annuities aggregate some millions of dollars.

Although the present Clemenceau cabinet has been described as a Redical-Socialist ministry, yet it has been forced by the necessity of maintaining law and order to adopt a position often diametrically opposed to socialist movements. This has won for it the support of the more moderate element of the Republican party, and as long as it continues to sacrifice its socialistic sympathies to the cause of law and order, and to constitute itself a bulwark for the defense of property against the well-nigh anarchical aspirations of the extreme left wing of the Radicals, it will continue to enjoy the good will of the vast majority of the people. It must thoroughly be understood that the bulk of the population of France owns property in the shape of land, business, or savings. They are mostly small holdings. But still they have the effect of rendering the people anxious above everything else for a government that safeguards the rights of property—for a regime that declines to mulct the thrifty for the benefit of the improvident and the idle, which represents after all the principal aim of socialism. The popular tendency in France is, therefore, not toward monarchy, but in the direction of a moderate, conservative republic, which will satisfy property holders—that is to say, the grande and the petite bourgeoise, the rich manufacturers and the petty traders, the nobles and the small farmers—that their vested interests are safe from the attacks of socialism.

This confidence does not yet exist to any great extent, but it is growing, and meanwhile an immense amount of capital is lying idle in France. It has been withdrawn from Russia, and the people to whom it belongs, and who represent all classes of the population, are not sufficiently assured of the power, stability, and conservatism of the present government at Paris to warrant its being invested at home. Aware of this fact, the Japanese are directing all their efforts to induce the French to place it at the disposal of their government and of their industries. They need money above everything else just at present, and are handicapped by its want. Naturally, the French investor will not intrust his capital to the Japanese if he has the slightest idea that it may be used for purposes of war. Consequently we may look for a policy of the utmost conciliation toward Uncle Sam on the part of Japan, prompted by her hope of securing some of the vast idle capital and of the huge stores of gold now awaiting investment in France. If France, encouraged by her recent treaty with Japan, allows her fears as to the misuse of the capital to be lulled, Japan will become more powerful than it is to-day. Under the circumstances, it would be preferable for the French capitalists to invest their spare shekels in the United States. Here, at least, they would have the assurance that the money would be remuneratively used by their oldest friends in a country of boundless prosperity, for purposes of peace instead of for war.

THE CHINESE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Sir Robert Douglass Secured It for the British Museum.

The retirement this past month of Sir Robert Douglass, keeper of Oriental printed books and manuscripts in the British Museum, recalls his connection with the famous Chinese Encyclopedia and how he managed to secure it for the museum, says a London dispatch to the New York Times.

The Chinese Encyclopedia is a very rare book, only 100 copies having been printed—something which may be explained by the fact that each set consists of 5,020 volumes. About fifteen years ago Sir Robert learned through a friend that a certain Chinese prince was in financial difficulties and was anxious to sell his set of the encyclopedia. Of course, the prince would not consent to sell the work to a foreigner, so the purchase on behalf of the British Museum was conducted by an agent, and finally the numerous volumes were carried away in fifteen carts to the British Legation.

The encyclopedia now in the London Museum is greatly prized, not only for sentimental reasons, but because it is probably the most voluminous work of its sort in the world, and also because it furnishes valuable information on every conceivable subject known to the Chinese at the time it was written—1726. It contains quantities of quaint illustrations. Sir Robert, through whom it was obtained, is, it need hardly be said, a distinguished authority on Chinese subjects, and has written many books upon them, including a life of Li Hung Chang.

Fraulein Schmidt and the Musician.

In the new novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" and "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," called "Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther," the heroine describes in a letter meeting the son of a neighbor. "Oh, yes; the son. Well, he appeared a fortnight ago, brown and hot, and with a knapsack, having walked all the way from Berlin, and is spending his holiday with his people. For a day or two I thought him quite ordinary. He made rather silly jokes and wore a red tie. Then one evening I heard lovely sounds, lovely, floating, mellow sounds coming up in floods through the orchard into my garden, where I was propped against a tree trunk watching a huge yellow moon disentangling itself slowly from the mists of Jena—oh, but exquisite sounds, sounds that throbbed into your soul and told it all it wanted to hear, showed it the way to all it was looking for, talked to it wonderfully of the possibilities of life. First they drew me onto my feet, then they drew me down the garden, then through the orchard, nearer and nearer, till at last I stood beneath the open window they were coming from, listening with all my ears. Against the wall I leaned, holding my breath, spell-bound, forced to ponder great themes, themes of life and death, the music falling like drops of liquid light in dark and thirsty places. I don't know how long it lasted, or how long I stood there after it was finished, but some one came to the window and put his head out into the freshness, and what do you think he said? He said: 'Donnerwetter, wie man im Zimmer schwitzt.' And it was the son, brown and hot, and with a red tie."